

# Young Turk, All Night

(Lil Wayne)

You know it's Wheezy you know  
Nigga you know it's Wheezy you know  
You know it's Wheezy you know  
Who Squideye

(Verse 1: Lil Wayne)

I ain' just jumped off da porch playboy  
I been thuggin on da block  
Fist clutchin' on da glock  
Who Bout it  
Motherfucker let me know shit  
Y'all wit that hoe shit  
I keep the fo grip  
Hollowed tips fill the whole clip  
Trippin' ya feel da whole clip  
Get It  
I'm on some mo shit  
Quad Mafia blow Shit  
Never slept for dough or no bitch  
I only want a hoe for those lips to lick my whole clique  
And load the bitch wit coke and shit and send her on a road trip  
I'm so sick wit it  
Dick nigga what is your purpose  
I'm off the surface  
Platinum merchandise shining perfect  
For certain firearms  
This verse seem like it's dirty squiddy  
Put bullets in yo shirt and fit it if you jerkin wit me  
? pops don't yourself the next statistic  
You may be hard but seeing your chopped off is less convincing  
Which nigga want it  
Holla at me I'll be at the top  
With cha wife slobbering on my cock  
And your kids calling me pop I can't be stopped

(Hook: Lil Wayne) 2x

Okay

They run in yo place four straight to yo face  
These Niggaz don't play  
Believe me shit ain all right  
They cut off all lights  
And they ridin' all night  
Till some shit that you don't like let's go

(Verse 2: Turk)

Nigga look here you can play wit me or my dogs If ya won't  
And watch how quick yo bitches wind up gettin' left faunked  
I dress in black rat a tat tat leave ya flat nigga  
At any given time you gonna see that nigga  
Lil Turk and Wheezy straight thugged out  
We got choppers wit 50's that'll clear it out  
You could test the nuts If ya won't round  
You know you done fucked up so it's goin' down  
Get fulla dat one on one and we don't give a fuck  
It's you or me, me or you nigga so what's up  
Now tell me, Is you really bout dat beef shit  
Bringin dat heat shit, killin yo peeps shit  
Cuz If you not then it's best you stay your distance nigga  
Cuz when we pull da trigger look we ain' missing nigga  
I'm a hit cha in yo melon split it to da fat  
Leave yo moms on da front level draped in black

Hook 2x

(Verse 3 Lil Wayne & Turk)

(Lil Wayne)

Fuck wit a turn or bed for bags, bitches, or bread  
And we mash quickly in a droust and blast snitches they scared  
Take snap pictures for fedz we blast riches and ice  
Snatch at night get em back depending the price  
Livin the last minutes of life and we do it huge  
My whole crew 'll does whos background to screw  
And we feud wit anyone to two shatter ya cabin  
Come around ya block niggaz disappear like abra cadabra

(Turk)

Lil turk don't play nigga look betta recognize  
When my finger get ta fuckin all you niggaz gon die  
Hit cha set in camoflague 50 shots what I fire  
Lay down and get cha mind right I bet cha won't survive  
I put that on everthing against anything ya bet  
If a nigga get it twisted get holes in his chest  
? vest ain no way you protect it  
Last nigga got bust up cuz he disrespected

Hook til end